

Bickerstaff's Æsop :

OR, THE

HUMOURS of the TIMES,

Digested into

FABLES.

Humbly Dedicated to those flourishing
Sisters, the two UNIVERSITIES of
Great Britain.

*The World's a publick Stage, where human Race
Suit to their Parts, their Humour and their Dress :
And he that wants to view, with true Delight,
The various Scenes, must read what others write.*

L O N D O N,

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Isaac Barkerstaff

THE DEDICATION.

Most Renown'd Ladies,

Since the universal Reputation I once gain'd by turning Prophet, has encourag'd me of late to become a common Tatler, I thought it a Duty incumbent upon your humble Servant, to tender some of my early-Fruits at the Feet of those intelligible Sisters, who have so long been the generous Mistresses and Encouragers of most Arts and Sciences.

I am too far sensible that your learned Sons are in no Measure ignorant of the Diversity of Baits by which the Publick are to be taken; therefore I would not have you think I am grown proud of my Wit, because so prosperous in my Adventures; but am rather ready to acknowledge that my spreading Fame is more owing to the Whim of the World, than to my own doubtful Merits. However, since the good-natur'd Coffee-Sots, who ought to be allow'd the principal Fudges of all Septemary Products, will, in spite of my Teeth, proportion my Reputation to the Sale of my Performances, I think I have as good a Title to the many Favours they bestow upon me, as any Person living, who, for his good Name and Credit, is beholden to the Multitude: Tho' how long I shall be able to bear away the Bell from the rest of my Brethren, notwithstanding my great Knowledge in the noble Science of Astrology, in plain English, I am not wise enough to determine. But this I promise you, that if I can but make a Shift to tickle the Trouts with as good Success for six Months longer, as I have done hitherto, that I shall then take upon me to be supreme Legislator to the Sons of Apollo, and shall dictate such severe Laws to all the Brethren of the Quill, that

The Dedication.

they shall no more dare to sit upon the Skirts of a crafty Courtier, to tread upon the Corns of an old knavish Alderman, or to wipe the primitive Beard of a proud canting Fanatick, than to preach up Loyalty at Church, Sincerity at Court, or Honesty in the City ; then, like a hypocritical Strumpet, that talks of nothing but Chastity, or a covetous Parson, that is always preaching up Charity, I will lay down such excellent Rules to all Satyrists and Libellers, that shall be much too difficult for my self to observe, tho' I think it but reasonable they should be binding Precepts to all other Writers : For you must know 'tis the Nature of us Authors, whenever we are flush'd with a little popular Applause, to then fall foul upon our own Fraternity, assume the Power of giving such Laws to the Sons of the Muses, which our selves constantly break, to shew that the World's good Nature has allow'd us the same Priviledge as they do Usurpers, that is, of dispensing with those penal Statutes by which they frighten others into an humble Subjection.

Thus you may observe we celebrated Wits turn first Teazers, next Criticks, then Fools, and so scribble on 'till we drop our Reputation by the same Degrees as we rais'd it to its Zenith ; or at least the World (who thirsting after Novelty, are never long pleas'd with any one Entertainment) will, as soon as surfeited, withdraw their Approbation, and then our boasted Reputation must of Necessity sink in the Opinion of our Readers ; and the Man, who before was so admir'd for his Wit, be perhaps condemn'd for a Block-head, notwithstanding he has the Confidence to assert, that what the Publick disapprove, is the very best Piece that ever he wrote since he had the Honour to be list'd into the Service of the Muses. But that this may never be the severe Fate of your Prophet-Fabler and Tatler, your hearty Prayers and Wishes are most humbly desir'd by

Your devoted Friend and Servant,

Is. Bickerstaff.

Bickerstaff's Æfop.

Æfop Matriculated.

ÆSOP, grown weary of the Trade
Of teaching Beaux, that could not read,
And dictating to Belles,

Who not a Jot the better grew,
For all that he could say or do,
Resolv'd to leave the Wells :

But where to take up his Abode,
His Visage was so monst'rous odd,

The Sage was much to seek,
Since honest *Truth* would ne'er go down
In Country, City, Court, or Town,
With such a frightful Back.

At last the Wight took Heart of Oak,
And thus to *Alma Mater* spoke :

B

" Hail ,

" Hail, venerable Dame !

" Hail, *Learning's* most auspicious Queen !

" Thou Judge of what resides within

" This coarse unsightly Frame !

" To thee poor *Samian Æsop* flies,

" From more than * *Delphian* Cruelties,

" In search of a Retreat,

" Where he may do his Hearers good,

" And by his Readers understood,

" With a Reception meet.

When Vice-Cancellarian Voice

Told him the Dame approv'd his Choice,

And made him swear by *Isis*,

That he'd still be a mortal Foe

To Culprits, whether high or low,

That dar'd encourage Vices.

Thus, having pay'd for † Statute-Book,

In which few fresh Men ever look,

And Graduates seldom pore in,

'Till

* Murder'd at Delphos. † A Custom of the University at Entrance.

'Till they get into Proctors Places,
 And shew they've gotten all their Paces,
 By Schollars Mulcts exploring.
Newland the Beadle look'd askue,
 And taking more than was his Due,
 As double Fees were stated,
 Cry'd, Sir, Joy to you in your Gown ;
 You may now * linger round the Town,
 For you're matriculated.

Moral.

*Fools, and conceited Fops, Reproof despise,
 Judging those Intermedlers, that advise,
 That lay down Maxims, and Instructions give ;
 Not how to dress themselves, but how to live ;
 As the Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, disagree
 With this our Mother-University,
 Who doats on Vertue, tho' its Looks are plain,
 And quits fair Features, for a pregnant Brain.*

Æsop's Thanks.

TWO Milk-white Hinds, with Age and Ho-
 (nour crown'd,
 Had long for an Alliance been renown'd,

While they without Contention, sep'rate fed;

And each distinctly graz'd its proper Mead :

The same their Pasture, as the same their Kind,

In Want, in Plenty, and in Danger join'd.

Fortune a-like to both profusely gave,

And neither could her farther Bounty crave,

Since all the Riches of the Field were theirs ;

Their Blessings equal, and alike their Cares.

The first from long descending Parents sprung ;

Old as the Day, but like its * Ruler, young ; * *Apollō*.

Like her own Meadow, whose eternal Green

Spreads, and with Smiles dilates the chearful Scene;

Loyal and just, obsequious and sincere ;

Her Prince had all her Love, her Gods had all her Fear.

Fruitful in Kind, she fill'd the neighb'ring Lawns,

And with a Parent's Fondness nurs'd her Fawns,

Till

'Till grown mature, and fit to brouze around
 The distant Woods, and spurn remoter Ground;
 Some were sent out to preach, and be of Use
 To regulate the Lewd, and fix the Loofe:
 Others upheld their injur'd Clients Cause,
 Made Advocates, and Guardians of the Laws;
 In Rural Synods, and in Senates, known
 T' assert Religion, and defend the Throne.

In Church and State, superior to preside,
 The first to govern, and the last to guide.
 As they were to their Sov'raigns always dear,
 Still favour'd with the Lyon's gracious Ear,
 'Till Sycophants to Reputation grew,
 And old Advisers were turn'd out by new.

The second, for her Sister's Vertues fam'd,
 Had all Advantages that can be nam'd;
 Was Mistress of indisputable Charms,
 For Knowledge eminent, for Arts and Arms,
 For all Acquirements Industry could gain,
 Or Cost or Application could obtain,

Since

Since she her Counsellors had likewise bred,
And the C—— ow'd her its unweildy Head,

When wriggld into Pow'r by t'other's Fall,
She fain would of her Sister take the Wall,
Because she still was ready to address,
When t'other ne'er applauded Things by Guess ;
And told the Lyon he from Foes was safe,
Directed by her Stag's auspicious Laugh.

At length, between 'em both, a Suit's preferr'd,
And Liberty and Property's the Word;
Old musty Rolls and Records brought in Play,
Plainly made out the first should bear the Sway ;
But all in vain, the last contending strove,
And would refer the doughty Case to Jove.

Th' impartial God, to finish the Dispute,
Wisely summ'd up the Claims of either Brute :
“ You, said he, crave Precedency of Place,
“ Because you are the Eldest of your Race,
“ And you, Dame, enter such another Plea,
“ Because you're oftner seen at Court, than she.

But

- “ But hold : — The first's Pretensions I admit ;
 “ And place her in the sacred Throne of *Wit* ;
 “ *Justice* allows you both your proper Rights ;
 “ You have more honest Sons, and you more Knights.
-

Æsop's Case.

- T** Here was a Fellow hard at Work a Sowing
 The Grounds which he had plough'd,
 At which a Swallow cry'd aloud,
 “ Take Notice what that Country-man's a doing.
 “ Hence 'tis, said she, the feather'd Kind's ensnar'd,
 “ And all the Fowler's Nets,
 “ Which he for our Destruction sets,
 “ Are made of Flax, and are of Hemp prepar'd.
 “ That, that's the fatal Seed which now is sown ;
 “ Wherefore be on your Guard,
 “ And to prevent what's to be fear'd,
 “ Let's

" Let's pick it up soon as the Fellow's gone.
 She spake, but might as well have spar'd her Words,
 Not one of them would take
 Her Counfel, or, for Safety's Sake,
 Would act as should be done by cautious Birds.
 In short, the Bus'ness was, from Time to Time,
 'Till Seed took Root, delay'd,
 And then again, 'till in the Blade
 'Twas almost ripe, and in its full-grown Prime.
 At Sight of this, the Swallow, once for all,
 Told 'em, 'twas not too late,
 Ev'n yet to stop approaching Fate,
 And to prevent their unregarded Fall,
 Would they bestir themselves with all their Might,
 Before it farther grew.
 But finding they would nothing do,
 She from her old Companion took her Flight.
 From Woods and Fields, she into Cities went,
 And conversant with Man,
 Another Sort of Life began,

Than

Than what she with the foolish Birds had spent.
 This Hemp and Flax, in Time, to Nets was wrought,
 And 'twas the Swallow's Fortune,
 While she was safe behind the Curtain,
 To see most of 'em, as she told 'em, caught.
 The captive Birds, grown wiser at the last,
 Were frighten'd to a Sense
 Of their late Want of Providence,
 But ne'er reflected, 'till all Hopes were past.

Moral.

WISE Men Effects in Causes spy,
And point out Dangers near ye ;
 Fools leave due Care, 'till by and by,
And cry, Anon, they hear ye.
 When Opportunity gives Way,
And they're no longer able
 To practise what Advisers say,
Which verifies this Fable.
 As for the Swallow's Part, 'tis plain,
 That she came off with Honour ;

*And since she was in such a Vein,
 'Twas well the Birds fell not upon her,
 Since among Men 'tis often found,
 That those who deal sincerely,
 And bold Opinions just and sound,
 Pay for them most severely.
 Witness a Time when Fines and Goal,
 For Truth, were brought in Fashion,
 And those were held t' excessive Bail,
 That undeceiv'd the Nation.*

The Pay-Master General.

SLY Mercury once had a Whim in his Head,
 To hear what the Folks below Stairs of him said;
 And, in order to this, left his Wings and his Rod,
 With all the Regalia belong'd to a God,
 And, disguis'd in the Shape of a Mortal, would try
 To fathom their Thoughts in Discourse by the By.
So

So away he trudg'd on, 'till he happen'd to light
On a Shop that would answer th' Enquiry at Sight;
Where, amongst other fam'd Curiosities plac'd,
He his Eyes upon several Deities cast.

The first which he cheapen'd, was who but Great *Jove*,
Whose Pimp he had been in Employments of Love,
And who would have come at a moderate Price ;
But *Juno* the Goddess diverted his Eyes.

"Well, says he, what Rate does her Majesty hold?"

When the Carver said, "That would for so much be (fold.

And because of her Peacocks, set her up somewhat
(higher,

But low enough still between Seller and Buyer.

The Figure that next was presented to View,
Was his Worship's, with Wings and Caduceus too,
Set out in his Holiday-Cloths and Condition,
And equipt with the Ensigns that shew'd his Com-
(mission.

"So, this is as't should be, to himself he strait cry'd.

"The Carver has done but what's right on my Side:

"For here am I deck'd with the Badge of my Place,

“Chief Foot-man to *Jove*, by his Majesty's Grace,

*When he was told the Place he saw
Belong'd to Grid-iron ———.*

*Than whom, no Thief was bolder :
But since 'twas built at their Expence,
'Twas not his, in another Sense,
But the poor wounded Soldiers..*

The famous History of Goodman I did it.

PErch'd on a Wheel, upon a Summer's Day,
And in a Temper blith and gay,
A Fly crys, " What a Dust I raise !
And to the Waggon, says,
" See how I choke the clouded Way !
" That the poor Horses, almost blind,
" Their Stage cannot arrive at ;
And so, when fix'd behind
One of the swiftest of the racing Kind,
" What a confounded Rate I drive at !

Moral.

Moral.

SO crys the Cit, who never mounted Guard,
 'Slife! how we beat the *French* at *Audenard*?

*The Paradox ; or, He that wins, loses the
 Day.*

TWO Cocks once in a Duel strove,
 Which should the Mast'ry gain;
 Which should the most his Strength approve,
 And o'er the Dung-hill reign.
 Blows follow'd Blows, and Blood for Blood,
 On either Side was shed,
 As they for Pow'r contending stood,
 And peck'd, and sparr'd, and fought, and fed,
 'Till one, quite worsted in the Fight,
 And bristling up his Hackle,
 Cry'd, and turn'd Scamperer out-right,
 Bidding his Enemy good Night,
 He'd have no more o' th' Battel.

At this, victorious Chanticleer,
 Up to the House-top flew,
 To give himself a Conqu'ror's Air,
 And most insulting grew.
 He clapt his Wings, and loudly crow'd,
 To make his Vict'ry known,
 And arrogantly told Abroad,
 What Wonders he had done;
 When, had the Craven of his Foe,
 O'er whom he triumph'd with such Grace,
 Stood but to strike another Blow,
 He might have been in t'other's Place.
 While he was in this boasting Mood,
 His Valour to display,
 An Eagle was in Search for Food,
 And out upon the Wing for Prey;
 And down she made an eager Stoop,
 With Force impetuous strong,
 To truss the thoughtless Conqu'ror up,
 And make the Fool repent his Song.

By

By this Adventure, it fell out,

The Craven which from Danger slunk his Head,
Strutted entirely o'er the Female Rout,

And had his Mistresses from whom he fled.

Moral.

TIS just with Princes, as with these two Birds,
They strive to be each others Lords,

And hold Imperial Sway,

As they the Terror of their Arms disperse,

To make th' astonish'd Universe

Their several Laws obey.

France and the Empire both have done

The same as these two Cocks have been a doing,

The last was very near its Ruin,

And plainly into Coverts run,

Till in the Midst of French Hofannah's,

Down the British Eagle swoop'd,

And at one Pounce the Conquerors swoop'd,

To shew that Victory was Anna's.

*But let Great Britain, whilst her Genius smiles,
Remember France has sev'ral Lifles,
In Namur, Mons, and Conde;
And if she gives much Way to Pride,
Fortune may yet espouse the vanquish'd Side,
And she may pay for it one Day.*

*The Devil upon two Sticks ; or, Old Age
and Wedlock.*

A Formal Piece of Gravity,
That with up-lifted White of Eye,
Had liv'd to a prodigious Age,
Resolv'd, before he left the Stage,
And quitted a vexatious Life,
To know what's what, and take to Wife;
For all his Days so chaste were spent,
He knew not what a Woman meant,
Or ever had a Wambling a'ter,
What makes the Mouths of most Men water;

D

And

And as Concupiscence was strong,
 So he fought out for one was young:
 When the good Devil still at Hand,
 To make his Pupils understand,
 What may seduce them all aside,
 Ow'd him a Shame, and brought a Bride,
 A buxom Piece of Flesh, and dainty,
 Whose Age was about two and twenty,
 And who could give his seventy two,
 More Work by half than he could do.

Wedded, the doating Fop was brought
 To a more serious Course of Thought,
 And to lament, that in his Prime,
 H'ad so ill husbanded his Time.

" When I was in my Noon of Life,
 " I wanted then, said he, a Wife;
 " But now its Ev'ning's come, and Night
 " Shadows the Verge of Life and Light,
 " My luckless Wife's my very Case is,
 " She wants a 'Spouse for her Embraces.

Moral.

Moral.

THIS Fable may, with Justice, be apply'd
 To City, Town, and Court,
 Since Multitudes of either Sort
 Have done the same as this our old Man did.
 But let them take this Observation too,
 Lest they should wander in the Dark,
 Each of their Wives may have her Spark,
 Will make her not to want what Husband cannot do.

*The Female Hypocrite ; or, A Girl for the
 Times.*

FOUR Sisters once, a pretty handsome Brood,
 Liv'd altogether in one Neighbourhood.
 The first and eldest of the Race
 Had Peggy for her Name,
 A Wench of Sanctity and Grace,
 That wore a Revelation-Face,
 And was of such a Godly Frame,

That her old Mother still would be a twitting,
 And ev'ry Hour in t'other's Teeth a hitting
 Their Sister *Peggy's* Way of Living.

" 'Twill be long enough, she said,

" Before you'll do as *Peggy* did,

" And such a pious Course be driving.

" *Peggy* would ne'er do this or that,

" Nor such unrighteous Haunts be at.

And twenty such Good-morrows,

With *Peggy* always, right or wrong,

The everlasting Burthen of her Song,

Were giv'n to her bewilder'd Daughters Sorrows.

Now, this same Sister *Peg* of theirs,

Was a long-winded Wench at Pray'rs,

And mightily, it seems,

Employ'd in dreaming holy Dreams;

As she so well had play'd her Part

With such Diffimulation,

And her Tongue spokewhat ne'er came near her Heart,

Of Saints, and Saint-like Modestation.

A Friday-Face for ev'ry Day she wore,
 A short-hand Book still at her Girdle bore,
 And ev'ry Night was laid
 The *Crumbs of Comfort* at her Head,
 To keep the Tempter at Arms-length,
 By Dint of *Bunyan's Pilgrims* Strength,
 From getting into Bed.

The Name of Play-house robb'd her of her Wits,
 A Dancing-bout would put her into Fits,
 Down she fell into a Sound.

And if she trod on consecrated Ground,
 'Twas much more dreadful, than a Gospel-Wood.

As for her Sisters, they all three
 Us'd a Behaviour frank and free,
 And void of noisy Bawls or Strife,
 In innocent Diversions pass'd their Life;
 Now would they into Conversation fall,
 And now be at the Comedy or Ball,
 But without any Colour or Pretence,
 Of giving others Scandal or Offence.

But this did not prevent

The Mother's Tongue, but on it went

To teaze her Daughters, and decry

This honest, undefigning Liberty,

And still she kept her former Bent.

" Yes, yes, says she, it's very plain,

" You're like to prove most hopeful Birds.

" When will you from those Vanities refrain,

" And this ungracious World renounce, and shun

" The Devil, and all his Works, as *Peg* has done,

" And turn Recluses of your own Accords?

" Oh! Madam, cry'd the Girls, pray never fear;

" The World is not so very dear,

" But by that Time we've been

" Eye-Witneses of what she's seen,

" We, by the same Experience taught,

" May the same Opinion hold

" To its Enjoyments cold,

" And of it entertain as bad a Thought.

Now,

Now, had poor Peggy been an arrant Whore,
And had two Bastards, and three Poxes bore.

Moral.

THIS suits with many that pretend a Call
To Salter's, or to Pinner's-Hall;
Where many a holy Sister,
After the Man of Flesh has kiss'd her,
Hears the Man of Spirit bawl;
And daub'd with Presbyterian Paint,
Learns how to whine, and wink, and cant;
Knotty Quotations to explore,
And oe'r Geneva-Bible run,
Till she at Meeting passes for a Saint,
That was a Sinner just before,
And will be so again when Sermon's done.

A notable Sort of an Allie.

THE Beasts, with Indignation warm'd,
Against the Birds a grand Alliance form'd,
And

And made a gen'ral Invitation
 To all that would espouse the Combination.
 Amongst the rest, the Fishes, one and all,
 Said, "They'd with their Confed'rates stand and fall;
 And sign'd the glorious League,
 With Threatnings, and with Words as big,
 As if themselves would end the War at once,
 And pick their Adversaries Bones.
 In short, a War was instantly declar'd,
 And every Thing to take the Field prepar'd.
 When these same Fishes, who before
 Had such eternal Friendship swore,
 Instead of sending Troops were stat'd,
 Or Ammunition stipulated,
 Sent their Excuse, to let 'em understand,
 Fishes were never us'd to march by Land:

Moral.

Should we presume t' invert the Tale
 On our Allies in ———,
 And cry, they ne'er equipp'd a Sail,

The

*The World would our Assertion gain-say.
 Or should we, on the other Hand,
 Say they may do the same by Land,
 Unless they make a better Stand,
 Than some did at Almanza;
 Would it not be a very pretty Fancy?*

A Present for a late disbanded Courtier.

A Country Fellow, in his Cart,
 Took a Pig, Weather, and a Goat,
 And as he drove to *Portsmouth* Mart,
 That he might to his Profit with 'em part.
 The Pig scream'd out, as if h'ad cut her Throat,
 While t'other two as quiet lay,
 As if they'd been asleep,
 And not a Syllable would say,
 But seem'd contented. All the Way
 The Carter whistl'd, should'ring of his Whip.

In short, the Matter came to this at last,
 So much to Heart the Pig her Journey took,
 And the Design for which she there was cast;
 That Bumpkin, as he forward pass'd,
 Was forc'd to give her a severe Rebuke.

" Huzzy, said he, pray cease to keep
 " This damn'd confounded Squalling;
 " Your Betters, the rich Goat, and Sheep,
 " Make none of these Out-crys, nor weep;
 " And what Occasion is there for your Bawling?
 " Woe's me, there's Need enough, the Grunter cry'd,
 " The Sheep and Goat may for their Lives compound,
 " Their Milk and Wool will save their Hides,
 " And plead most powerfully on their Sides,
 " When nothing can for my Escape be found.

For the poor Pig is sure to go to Pot;

(This made her loudly to squeal on)

Immediate Death's her certain Lot,

Because she is not worth a Groat,

'Till she is dress'd, and made a Meal on.

Moral.

Moral.

THus S—— may, unpunish'd, basely treat
 The Good, the Valiant, Wise, and Great,
 And censure H——'s Tricking,
 When a poor Author shall but say
 He wish'd Things went another Way,
 And H—— have him Pillory'd for Speaking :
 Which the preceding Fable hits :
 For had but S—— liv'd upon his Wits,
 And never preach'd at S——n,
 'Tis Odds but this incorrigible Whig
 Had far'd as coarsly as the little Pig,
 Not as the rich and fleecy Mutton.

Worse and Worse.

A Cook was frying a good midling Dish
 Of sev'ral Kinds of living Fish ;
 Who, soon as they began
 To feel the Frying-pan,

Grew restless at its Heat,
 And in a wond'rous Pet,
 " There's no enduring this, cry'd one,
 " Why here's the Devil to do said t'other,
 And so with joint Consent, to shun
 One Evil, they embrac'd another.
 As they, endeav'ring to escape,
 Made a most untoward Leap,
 To which they had Recourse
 To better Things, not make 'em worse.
 While the Cook saw each Mother's Child expire,
 Out of the Frying-Pan, into the Fire.

Moral.

SO said the Poles, in King Augustus Days,
 Can Flesh and Blood bear with this haughty Prince?
 Would any People, that has common Sense,
 Not look about for Means and Ways,
 Their ancient Grandeur, and their Fame to raise?
 When Means and Ways at last were pitch'd upon,

And

*And they call'd in the Sweed,
 To help 'em in their Time of Need;
 The Sweed their Towns with conqu'ring Troops o'er-run,
 And they who fear'd there Foes, were by their Friends undone.*

Whitehall and St. James's to a Hair.

A Certain Horse, that in his Days,
 With other Cattle us'd to graze,
 And in the Common had his Feeding,
 Happen'd to light upon a Master,
 That turn'd him into better Pasture,
 Where he was pamper'd up, and kept for Breeding.
 At this a certain Hackney Jade,
 That oft had been his Comrade made,
 Thought it might advantageous be,
 To visit and congratulate
 His old Friend in his new Estate,
 And give him his good Company.

But

But how the Stallion frisk'd and fleer'd,
 And on his late Acquaintance leer'd,
 As he survey'd, from Side to Side,
 Tibb's meagre Aspect, and his shagged Hide,
 And gave him, for his Welcome, this Salute,
 " Pray, Sir, the Favour of your Name ?
 And after asking whence he came,
 " What is the Bus'ness you are come about ?
 " Why, truly, said the Visitant,
 " Your Worship does your *Eys-fight* want,
 " And I, on Purpose, hither strole,
 " With you, on this Occasion, to condole.
 " For this same Clover, as I find,
 " To all Intents has struck you blind,
 " Since, if you had not wholly lost your Sight,
 " You an old Friend had known of Course :
 " So Mr. Courtier of a Horse,
 " I'll e'en jog homeward, and good Night.

Moral.

Moral.

SO Men, that to Preferment rise,
 From Dung-hills, rais'd to Dignities,
 Have very treach'rous Memories.

Ask but the B—— how his L——p does,
 He nothing of the Matter knows,
 But into nobler Conversation goes.

When he, whose Favour you lay seige at,
 Perhaps might be your intimate Collegiate:
 Nay, what is more, for all his Stir,
 Your Pupil, or your Servitor.

Put the same Question to a Benchet,
 He has forgot you, 'tis long since, Sir,
 Right Worshipful, and you, had each a Wench, Sir.
 Thus some to strut, like Crows, at Court may clamber,
 From being Valets of his Lordship's Chamber.

A Woman that did Good once in her Life.

A Young sick Hermit took his Bed,
 Through the abstemious Life he led,
 And Doctors upon Doctors, sate,
 To give their Verdict of his weak Estate;
 But none of all the Colledge would engage
 To set him on his Legs again,
 Though they try'd Apozems to ease his Pain,
 And Juleps to resist the Fever's Rage;
 Unless the Patient would allow
 The Breach of his Religious Vow,
 And do as other young Men did,
 That were not Women's Use forbid,
 But, to their Comforts, understood
 The Grand Elixir of true Flesh and Blood.
 The poor Man humm'd and haw'd, and held
 A long Debate within,
 Betwixt the Rem'dy and the Sin,
 And would not be induc'd to yield ;

'Till

'Till at the last, to end the Strife;

He was inclin'd to save his Life,

And had the Wit

To let his Doctors do as they thought fit,

Who one and all agreed,

With all convenient Speed,

To put an Arm full of a buxom Lase

Into the Bed wherein he was,

To see how this their Recipe'd succeed.

When this was done, they thought it best

To leave the Patient to his Rest,

And so the Curtains drew,

Bidding him for two Hours adieu.

The Time appointed, laps'd and gone,

They came to see what had been done;

How their Prescription wrought,

And view the Virtues of their Cooling-Draught.

What did they there, but the Religious find

Tearing his Hair, and beating of his Breast,

As if his very Heart would break,
 For this Adventure's Sake,
 And grown distemper'd in his Mind?
 A Frenzy had the Seat of Sense possess'd,
 So they some Anodines from Scripture got,
 And reason'd with him on the Spot,
 Producing many sage Quotations,
 To still and to becalm his Passions,
 That grew extravagant and hot.
 From Story moral and prophane,
 In Hopes to settle his fermented Brain,
 By saying this and that might make him see
 Nothing was sinful in their Recipe.
 " No, Gentlemen, said he, to clear your Doubts,
 " My Trouble is not thereabouts;
 " Those Qualms of Conscience now are o'er:
 " But it goes to my very Heart,
 " And makes my Soul with Anguish smart,
 " To think, that I was never sick before.

Moral.

Moral.

YOU may talk what you please, *fam'd Lais said,*
That Fops and Fools alone promote my Trade ;
But I'll affirm, and in this Truth persist,
I by Philosophers am likewise kiss'd.

Diamonds cut Diamonds.

A Poor unthinking Ideot of a Snake,
 That ever was of *Nature's* Make,
 Once fasten'd on a File,
 And not consid'ring right or wrong,
 Fell a licking with her Tongue,
 That bled extreamly all the While.
 The File was blooded o'er and o'er,
 The more 'twas stain'd, she lick'd the more.
 " Oh! 'tis prodigious sweet !
 " No Mortal, says she, ever cou'd
 " Have lit on more delicious Food,
 " Or better tasted Meat.

Still-fancying 'twas the File that bled,

And that she on its Entrails fed,

And satisfy'd her Hunger;

Resolv'd to make an End on't quite,

She gave the Steel full many a Bite.

When she could bite no longer ;

But finding that her Teeth would break,

Before she could Impression make,

And that her Tongue was sore,

All that the foolish Mortal got,

Was, to leave it on the Spot,

And let it lie, where it was laid before.

Moral.

LET Officers, from hence, take Heed

How they in their Cabals proceed ;

How they attempt their Betters to devour,

And wriggle their Superiors out of Pow'r ;

Lest, while they others Falls design,

They meet with such a Countermin,

As

*As some have done, poor empty Souls!
 Who thought they work'd like any Moles;
 But, at last found, to all their Costs,
 Their Labour, and their Places lost,
 And, 'stead of running others on the Shelves,
 Were split on Rocks, and drown'd themselves.*

The Foreigner.

A Snake that us'd in Privacy to dwell,
 Confin'd to a poor narrow Cell,
 Would needs an Inmate have;
 And pinch'd by a cold Winter's Frost,
 A Hedge-hog, that he meets, accosts,
 And offers him a Lodging in his Cave.
 But when the new-invited Guest
 Had into his Apartment press'd,
 It was so very close,
 The Snake crys out, " 'Twill never do,
 " This Room's not big enough for two,

" Your

" Your Prickles hinder my Repose ;
 " So that you must of Consequence
 " Prepare for your Departure hence,
 " As Matters now appear ;
 " Wherefore take Warning, and provide
 " Some other Quarters where you may reside.
 " I shall be squeez'd to Death, if you live here.
 Then says the Hedge-hog, " He that cannot stay,
 " May buy a Brush, and go his Way.
 " For my part, I approve
 " This pretty little Tenement ;
 " And if you're not content,
 " You're free, when you think fitting, to remove.

Moral.

Nations, from hence, may Cautions take,
 That they not imitate the Snake,
 By introducing foreign Guests,
 Or barb'ring Strangers in their Breasts,
 Lest they do make his Case their own,
 And in vain wish they'd liv'd alone,

Without

*Without inviting, to their Costs,
 Hedge-hogs, that dispossess their Hosts.
 And thou, Great Britain, who, from Dangers free,
 Triumph'st at Land, and rul'st at Sea;
 Whose Standards through the Globe display'd,
 Spread themselves out for injur'd Kingdoms Aid,
 Doat not too much on Alien Spies,
 Nor trust 'em, if thou ar't wise;
 Lest London, like thy Spittle-Fields should show,
 And Westminster be crowded like Soho;
 Lest it, which Heav'n's forbid, be brought about,
 That a strange Language jostles English out.*

The Modern Convert.

A Priest would once to Task a Soldier take,
 For his lewd Life, and his Profession's Sake.
 Text after Text was consequently brought,
 To work him to a fit Result of Thought.

As all the Dangers were before him laid,
 And Sins and Troubles, which attend that Trade,
 " Wherefore, says he, as you regard your Soul,
 " Dear Sir, renounce a Calling that's so foul,
 " That must of Course obstruct a Heav'nly State,
 " By rend'ring you still unregenerate.
 " Well, Father, says the Soldier, let me see
 " First what it brings me in, 'twixt you and me ;
 " Six-pence a Day throughout the last Campaign,
 " To that, no Plunder of one Church in *Spain*.
 " Item, a wounded Weather-beaten Carcass,
 " No Cloths upon my Back, (a cursed hard Case !)
 " No Nuns-Flesh for above these six Months past,
 " And almost ev'ry Holiday a Fast !
 " Come, I had e'en as good take your Advice ;
 " For who'd be *Satan's* Servant at this Price ?
 " Besides, we get so little now-a-days,
 " And Officers so geld the Soldiers Pays,
 " That damn this Bus'ness, without farther Strife,
 " I'll e'en strike into a Religious Life.

Moral

Moral.

Courtiers and Soldiers are the same,
 By Interest always led,
 As neither of 'em play their Game,
 For Conscience, but for Bread.
 The Soldier never looks within,
 Or makes the least Reflexions,
 Till Want of Plunder, not the Sin,
 Makes him condemn his Actions.
 Nor would some Courtiers turn about,
 From Low-Church, to the High,
 Were they from Posts not elbow'd out,
 And had they not some Mischief in their Eye.
 But oh! thou Church of England Dove,
 Trust not the Renegado Strain;
 They that could once Deserters prove,
 Will basely serve thee so again.

Sauce for a Goose, Sauce for a Gander.

A Miller once, too cunning for a Rat,
 Surpriz'd the Rogue amongst his Meal,
 And there was this Law brought, and that,
 Forbad the Course the Fellow had been at,
 To shew him 'twas a Crime to steal ;
 " This comes of Thieving, strait says he,
 " And a lewd Life and Conversation :
 " Vengeance o'ertakes bad Folks, you see,
 " Amidst their very Roguery,
 " And Practice of Abomination.
 " Alas! Sir, crys the Rat, I make
 " No manner of a Trade on't;
 " But the poor Pittance which I take,
 " Is only for Life's Preservation sake ;
 " That's all I ever made on't.
 Thus the poor Pris'ner, in his own Defence,
 On one Hand, Hunger pleaded,
 As on the other, Conscience

Was urg'd, and Punishment the Fence,

To keep off such as in his Way proceeded.

" Should Knaves be suffer'd to survive,

" The Judge says, and on the Laws to trample,

" There's not an honest Man alive,

" Could in this wicked World thrive;

" Wherefore you must be worry'd, for Example.

" Well, crys Culprit, once for all,

" If, for my sake, there's nothing to be done,

" Consider, that as I for Mercy call,

" So you may into the same Danger fall,

" And that my Case, is nothing but your own :

" We're both of us Corn-Merchants, it is plain,

" And of the same Fraternity ;

" Nay, and what's more, I dare maintain,

" You take a thousand, for a single Grain,

" That's ever took by me.

" How ? cry'd the Miller, all enrag'd at that,

" Are these fit Words for honest Men to bear ?

But who'll believe a Lyar of a Rat ?

So call'd the Executioner, his Cat,
And bid him do what we call Justice here.

Moral.

SO Deans may one another's Faults expose,
Till they are both found faulty in the Close;
As one derides the Doctrine t'other teaches,
When he himself those very Doctrines preaches.
So B——ps are Non-Residence dispraising,
When they themselves hold B——pricks in Gray's-Inn.

The Cure worse than the Disease.

AN Occulift, whose Fame was known
In ev'ry Ale-House of the Town,
For curing of blind Eyes and dark,
As any Doctor *Read* or *Clark*,
Had bargain'd with a Man, to give him Sight,
And had just set all Matters right,
To go upon the Operation,
And cecch him without Hesitation :

But

But the poor Patient bid him hold his Hand,

'Till he could something understand

Ought to be previous to the Cure,

Of which he was so arrogantly sure.

" Tell me, said he, before I farther go,

" What I'm inquisitive to know ?

" What World is that I'm like to see,

" If once of my Distemper free?

" Oh! says the Doctor, never be in Pain,

" Soon as you have your Sight again,

" The self-same World you'll surely find,

" You saw, before your Eyes were blind.

" Nay then, the Patient resolutely cries,

" E'en take your Preparations from my Eyes;

" Pocket your Couching Needles, and your Tools,

" And homeward with your grand Opthalmick Rules,

" For I had rather grope my Way before ye,

" Than see the second Part of the same Story.

Moral.

Moral.

THUS 'tis sometimes with Men of all Degrees;
 Some Remedies are worse than the Disease;
 With Antipodagrifins the Doctor flops ye,
 Till those Elixirs make the Gout, the Dropsy.
 So States themselves, when cur'd of Dangers nigh,
 May, by the very Means that cur'd 'em, die,
 And sink into the Grave through Poverty.

Moderation in Miniature.

A Knot of Fellows, out upon the Pad,
 Took ev'ry Penny that a Travel'r had,
 And having search'd him o'er and o'er,
 To see if he had any more,
 One of the Gang, a most case-harden'd Rogue,
 Cry'd, " Damn you, Sirrah, for a Dog,
 " You have more Money yet,
 " Deliver, or you shall be soundly beat.

" Lord,

“ Lord, Brother, said his Comrade strait,
“ Why do you talk at this Unchristian Rate?

“ Cannot you treat the Gentleman as we,

“ And take his Money civilly,

“ Without this horrid Execration,

“ And calling Names unworthy of your Station?

As they were marching off the Ground,

To see what other Purchase might be found,

“ Pray, Gentlemen, the Trav’ler says,

“ My House so many Miles off lays,

“ And I have many weary Steps to jog it,

“ Without one Farthing in my Pocket.

“ You seem to be Men, by your Favour,

“ Of a compassionate Behaviour;

“ Wherefore, I hope, you’ll be so kind

“ To leave so much of what you took, behind,

“ As may my Charges on the Road defray,

“ And speed me forward on my Way.

“ Yes, yes, the Lord forbid it else, they cry’d;

At which one of the Bags was open’d wide,

And

And he was bid to take whate'er he pleas'd.
 He took 'em at their Word, and seiz'd,
 Of Silver and of Gold,
 As much as his Right Hand could hold.
 "How now, said he that spoke so rough before,
 "You griping Son of a confounded Whore?
 "Have you no Conscience? Can't you be
 "As easy, and as moderate as we?"

Moral.

SO 'twas, when Rebels had pull'd down
 The Mitre, Scepter, and the Crown,
 By Way of Moderation.

Thieves of Commissioners of Safety,
 Of all Things ye were worth, bereft ye,
 And most demurely talk'd of Sequestration:
 They took your Money civilly;
 And parting, cry'd, The Lord be wi' ye,
 Without opprobrious Names;
 Well knowing, that a Curse or two,
 Would nothing for their Purpose do,

*But spoil their After-Games ;
 Because it was enough to kill,
 To covet, backbite, whore, and steal,
 And make bold with the second Table,
 Not through the Decalogue to burst,
 And to break in upon the first,
 By cursing like the Villain in the Fable.*

The true Picture of a modern Ecclesiastick.

A Wag of a Droll, was resolv'd to make merry
 On the first of the Month that is call'd *January* ;
 And so to a close-fisted Bishop he went,
 Whose Heart was as hard as an obstinate Flint,
 To beg, that his Lordship would give him a Lift
 With a five Guinea-piece, for a New-Year's Tide Gift.
 " Why, sure the Man's mad, said the Prelate, I trow ;
 " And a hundred to one, believes me to be so.
 " Prithee, Friend, with what ignorant Fellows con-
 (verse you,
 " That you think I'll do this for a mere God-a-mercy ?
 H Or

“ Or imagine a Bishop can be such a Tony,

“ As to give away such a huge Gobbit of Money ?

“ Nay, my Lord, said the Fellow, if that be too much

“ For one of your Cloth to bestow at one Touch,

“ I’ll be thankful for something that is not so large ;

“ Be pleas’d to equip a poor Man with a George.

But that would not do, and was counted a hard Thing.

So he fell down next Bout to the Grant of a Farthing ;

Which being deny’d too, he made his Request,

That he might with his Lord’s Benediction be blest’d.

“ *De tout mon Coeur*, you shall have it, said he ;

“ My dearly Beloved, come, down on your Knee.

“ Your Excuse, my good Lord, quoth the Fellow, not I,

“ For now it’s my Turn your Request to deny ;

“ Had your Blessing been worth but a poor *Copper John*,

“ Your Lordship had in your Denials went on,

“ And not even this Piece of Charity done.

Moral.

A *N* ancient Proverb’s in this Story’s cross’d here,
Which says, No Penny, there’s no Pater Noster ;
And

*And makes it obvious to their Eyes, who've any,
 The Pater Noster comes without the Penny;
 Though still that Adage in one Sense may bold;
 What saves a Penny, is as good as sold.*

The General Peace.

A Fox was out upon the pilf'ring Lay,
 According to the Methods of his Kind,
 In Quest of his beloved Prey,

But high or low could nothing find.
 At last, as Luck would have't, he spy'd

A Cock upon a Tree at Roost,
 With all his Hens on either Side,

And thus did Chanticleer accost:

"How now, my Friend, what makes you there?"

"Your Business on the *Terra firma* lies:

"Cocks are not Tenants of the Air,

"Nor out of their own Elements should rise:

" But you, perhaps, may be a Stranger

" To the late gen'ral Peace,

" That puts all living Creatures out of Danger,

" And makes all former Enmities to cease.

" Not a Soul, henceforth, dares assault

" Another Beast or Bird,

" But is an Out-law for the Fault,

" Upon a Fox's Word.

" The blessed 'st News that e'er was brought,

The subtle Cock reply'd;

And at the same Time, stretching out his Throat,

Look'd as if he somewhat a far off descri'd;

Which made Sir *Reynard*, presently,

Ask him, " At what he peer'd?

For he took Notice, with observant Eye,

And stood upon his Guard.

" Nothing, said t'other, but some Hounds

" Are making all the Haste

" Is possible, cross yonder Grounds,

" As if they had not broke their Fast.

" Hounds,

" Hounds, say you ? Are they out a Roguing ?

" Why then, quoth *Reynard*, I'll be gone,

" 'Tis high Time for me to be Jogging,

" They've smell'd me out, 'tist ten to one .

" No, no, says crafty *Chanticleer*,

" Let no vain Fear enslave you,

" But keep your Footing where you are,

" The genr'al Peace will save you.

" Aye, quoth the Fox, and so it will,

" But I should find but an indifferent Station,

" And have my Coat pink'd for it still,

" Should the Dogs not have heard the Procla-
(mation.

Moral.

ONE Tear's more War, S—— Foxes cry,
Brings Peace, and golden Days are nigh,

When ev'ry Man shall drink beneath his Vine,

And under his own Fig-Tree dine :

When Trade and Mother-Church shall flourish ;

When Nursing-Fathers shall it nourish ;

When

*When all Things smiling shall appear,
 And Holy-Days be throughout the Year :
 These are fine Words they to us put,
 But a Fox loves to cram his Gut,
 And nothing else does truly drive at,
 But to delude the Publick, for the Private.*

The Case is alter'd.

A Country Fellow to a Judge apply'd,
 And begg'd for Pardon on his Side ;

“ For my good Lord, said he,

“ A Bull of mine unlukily

“ Has gor'd one of your Lordship's Cows,

“ And I am very free,

“ To give what Damages, the Law allows.

“ Why then, quo'th' Man in Fur, my Books discover,

“ That this an Action is of *Trover* ;

“ You for my Cow must pay me to the full,

“ Or

" Or forfeit your Assassin of a Bull.

" Aye, but, my Lord, the Trespafs that I bring,

" Cry'd he, is quite another Thing :

" And I'm miftaken in the Story,

" That humbly feeks Redrefs before ye ;

" For 'tis your Lordship's Bull has kill'd

" One of my Cows in yonder Field.

" Oh! fays the Judge, nay, then 'tis plain

" I must look over *Cook's* Reports again ;

" Since this has giv'n the Cause another Face,

" And has quite alter'd the preceding Cafe.

Moral.

GREAT Thieves may pillage where they please,
And invade others Properties,

In Spight of Magna Charta ;

May do, as an Usurper did,

That o'er the Nation's Freedom rid,

And call'd it, Magna Farta.

It's your poor Devil goes to Pot,

That has but little Plunder got,

And

*And is not Rich, or High-born ;
 Jach Catch soon marks him for his own ;
 He for his Poverty, is shown
 The ready Way to Tyburn.*

*One that lost his Life, by being out of
 Danger.*

HOW do you find your self? the Doctor cries,
 After Enquiry, how the Pulses beat;

“ Why truly, the sick Patient cries,

“ I’m just come out of a prodigious Sweat.

“ Oh! the best Sign that could have been,

The Doctor tells him strait;

And so he goes, and comes again,

That he may the same Question state.

“ Alas! says t’other, I had just now got

“ A violent Fit of Shaking.

“ Aye, says he, this is as it ought,

“ When

" When a cold Fit succeeds a hot,

" It shews that Nature is too strong for breaking.

Then to him a third Time he applys,

With, " How do you your Body feel ?

And has for Answer, " That his Legs and Thighs

" Are swol'n up to a monstrous Size,

" He fears a Dropsy, and is wond'rous ill.

" Better and better still, the Doctor says,

" For this same Swelling does denote,

" The Fever's marching off, and goes its Ways,

" Since the malignant Humours are afloat.

He goes again, when after this,

One of his Health enquires,

That was a neighb'ring Friend of his,

Just as he's almost ready to expire :

" Alas ! says he, you may the Neighbours tell,

' Friend *Richard*, without lying,

" I am now grown so very well,

" That I am just a dying :

" Good Signs and Tokens almost make me mad,

I

" Which

" Which the Physician says my Ailments give.

" Ah ! would he say but once, that they were bad,

" Perhaps I yet might live.

Moral.

QUACKS are the same, both Civil and Divine,
 The Soul's Physicians with the Body's join ;
 This draws you from a Sense of your Condition,
 That speaks of a Chimerical Fruition :
 As it proclaims aloud, to Friend and Stranger,
 There's not in Being such a Thing as Danger :
 When Accidents may tell us, to our Cost,
 We by good Signs and Tokens may be lost.

The Way of the World.

THERE was a Fig-Tree on a rising Ground,
 With a clear Riv'let at its Foot,
 The Scituation was so pleasant found,
 And so inviting was its Fruit.

The Boughs and Leaves above the Surface spread,
 Were interwoven so together,

That

That it not only fed,

But shelter'd all the Birds in sultry Weather.

Now, once upon a Summer's-Day,

After a violent Heat,

Such Thunder and such Light'ning fell that Way,

That one and all deserted their Retreat.

No sooner had the feather'd Race

Forsook their old abiding Place,

But it immediately took Fire;

And though it was not burn'd entire,

Yet of its Fruits, and of its Boughs,

There was such Havock made,

That what had serv'd 'em both for Food and House,

Was in a Moment stripp'd of all its Shade :

But after some three quarters of an Hour,

It happen'd that the Storm blew o'er,

And Light'ning ceasing to devour,

Fed its lambent Flames no more;

When several of the Birds, that fled

To their old Station, took their Flight,

Which had so alter'd its once verdant Head,
 That they scarce knew it at the Sight.
 In short, the Turtles, and some others, came
 Of a more gen'rous Strain,
 And knowing it to be the same,
 Perch'd on its widow'd Branches once again:
 Its widow'd Branches gave 'em no Offence,
 Nor rais'd the least Disquiet in their Mind;
 They with Contentment bore the Stench,
 Which the departed Light'ning left behind.
 At this, the Kites, and other Birds of Prey,
 Stood as if Thunder struck,
 And would have drawn them all away
 To a large neighb'ring Oak:
 " There, said the Vultur, you may be
 " Protected, and live easily;
 " But for your staying where you stand,
 " I see no Argument at Hand,
 " That Honour brings, or Duty;
 " And I shall think it not amiss,

" If

" If after such a Scene as this,
 " You chuse a Place of Safety that will suit ye.
 But still the Turtles, and their Camrades, kept
 Their Posts, in Spight of Wind and Weather,
 Resolv'd, tho' it was of its Honours stript,
 They and the Fig-Tree 'd stand and fall together.

Moral.

FEW, like the Turtle, in our Days,
 A Patriot in Disgrace will praise,
 But most are so untoward,
 That Rochester himself must pass
 Amongst 'em for a very Ass,
 And Rook be stil'd a Coward,
 When but for one's prudential Schemes,
 They ne'er had dream'd the Golden Dreams
 They daily entertain;
 And but for t'other's Gibraltar,
 We'd dropt the Catalonian War,
 And ne'er set Foot in Spain.

The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.

- “ **W**AS ever such a damn’d ill-natur’d Pufs,
 “ To serve her very Landlord thus?
 Said *Roger*, by a Nettle stung;
 “ Neither with my Fingers press’d her,
 “ Or did her any Wrong,
 “ But touch’d her gently, for which here’s a Blister.
 “ Aye, Master, said the neighb’ring Grafs,
 “ These Things will always come to pass,
 “ Believe the Place you tread on;
 “ Nettles Returns are always such,
 “ When they’re us’d gently, and are much
 (“ Which makes ’em be presumptuous) made on.
 “ But take this for a Truth from me,
 “ Squeeze but the Baggage heartily,
 “ And somewhat roughly treat her,
 “ She’ll be as innocent a Weed,
 “ As any other of the Breed,
 “ And lose her Sting, though she can’t lose her Nature.
 Moral.

Moral.

LAWS will effect what Doctrines cannot do;
 Make Villains honest, and make Rebels true:
 Dissenters, the Church-Liturgie would use all,
 Were they fix'd bandsomely for their Refusal:
 And we may ask our Betters, where the Harm is,
 To make Men go to Heaven Vi & Armis?

The Royal Mourner.

ALyonesse, that had triumphant reign'd,
 And o'er Numidia's Plains maintain'd
 A just unenvy'd Sway,
 As all the Forests and the Fields around,
 Rejoyc'd she was with Empire crown'd,
 Ambitious to obey.
 Amid'st the Pleasures of a nuptial State,
 Happen'd to lose her Royal Mate,
 The Partner of her Bed,

With

With whom, unknown to Matrimonial Strife,
She long a Paradise of Life

Had most divinely led.

Children on Children had the Monarch lost,

Thankful, though she by Fate was cross'd,

That Death her Consort spar'd;

A Prince that was most eminently good,

The Pride and Glory of the Wood,

And all the Fields Regard :

But neither all the Vertue, nor the Grace,

Which shone within his Mind and Face,

The King of Terrors mov'd ;

Nor though his Queen the Destinies invok'd,

And Altars for his Welfare smok'd,

Were her just Vows approv'd.

At this, the Sov'reign, now no more a Bride,

Could not her Royal Sorrows hide,

But tore her shining Main,

Wept, and lamented with incessant Moan,

To see a Life so precious gone,

And

And all her Wishes vain.

Her widow'd Looks she sadly cast around,

And wat'ring with her Tears the Ground,

No Sustenance would take,

Resolving, since Life's chiefest Joys were fled,

She would be number'd with the Dead,

For her lov'd Husband's Sake.

When her sage Privy-Counsellors of State,

The Fox and Leopard, on her wait,

To sooth her raging Breast,

And drive away the Tempests of Despair,

That roughly kept their Mansion there,

And calmer Thoughts infest.

" May't please my Leige, the first, all-dutious, crys,

" To wipe those Sorrows from your Eyes,

" That pierce your Subjects Hearts;

" For who, but must be drown'd in pious Grief,

" To see their Prince refuse Relief,

" Which Providence imparts?

" Queens are the Parents of the Realms they rule,

" And should keep all their Passions cool,

" From an immoderate Rage :

" What if your Royal Consort's not alive,

" Since we your Children yet survive,

" And should your Cares engage ?

" Yonder *Nemean* Tyrant calls you forth,

" And the fierce Lyon in the North,

" To still their growing Pride :

" Oh ! may you these untimely Sorrows cease,

" To give afflicted *Lybia* Peace,

" And may those Tears be dry'd.

With that, th' auspicious Lyoness arose,

And rush'd amidst her Subjects Foss,

With a redoubl'd Force :

From whence a lasting Peace began,

And Halcyon Days in Circles ran,

And took their glorious Course.

Moral.

F^{ROM} Things inanimate, Mankind may read,
 Not to let Passions their just Bounds exceed :
 In Grief and Joy to hold a steady Rein ;
 This to repel, and that's Increase restrain,
 Since ev'ry Accident proceeds from Fate,
 That equally torments the Small and Great.
 And thou from Kings, to govern Kingdoms born,
 That mourn'st the best of Princes from thee torn.
 Anna, the brightest of the Regal Race,
 No more with Tears bedew thy sacred Face.
 Much be deserv'd, and much hast thou bestow'd,
 Oh ! sink not under Grief's oppressive Load !
 But thy lov'd Realms to their lost Hopes restore,
 And shew the Widow less, and Sov'reign more :
 While thy brave Troops to Picardy advance,
 To weep their Gen'ralissimo in France :
 And thou, regardful of thy Peoples Vows,
 Mak'st the dear Country, where thou reign'st, thy 'Spouse.

The Candidates.

A Vulture and a Kite, two Birds of Prey,
Set up to bear Imperial Sway ;

And all the Birds together met,

To know which in the Throne should sit.

Parties were form'd, and Clubs were held,

In sep'rate Places of the Field,

As this and that Elector strove

Their diff'rent Interests to prove.

At this, a Sparrow cry'd aloud,

And thus bespoke the feather'd Crowd :

" The Proverb says, there needs no stirring,

" When neither Barrel's better Herring.

" Now, which soever Bird's our Chief,

" Must be of Consequence a Thief ;

" What is't to me, which has my Vote,

" If both will gripe me by the Throat ?

" If one must be a Sacrifice,

" Would any care by whom he dies ?

Wherefore

“ Wherefore, I think the Case is moot,

“ And that there needs no more Dispute;

“ Let ’em cast Lots, and end the Strife,

“ Since I am sure to end my Life ;

“ Which Bird soever rules the State,

“ Marks out my sure approaching Fate;

“ For Kites and Vultures are the same

“ In Nature, tho’ they differ in the Name.

“ Hold, says the Blackbird in the Throng,

“ In my Opinion, you are wrong,

“ And by these worthy Members Favours,

“ What you have mov’d, of Rashness favours.

“ ’Tis own’d, if either be preferr’d,

“ He’ll make a most untoward Bird :

“ And since no other Candidate opposes,

“ I’m for the Poll, and telling Noses ;

“ But let us take this Caution first,

“ And of two Evils, shun the worst.

“ The Kite’s unfit to rule, it’s true;

“ Almost as any Bird that flew,

“ And

- " And is, and ever will be filling
 " His Guts, by pilf'ring, and by stealing ;
 " As he's contiually a picking,
 " Blackbirds and Sparrows up, and Chicken :
 " But he's not half so fierce and eager,
 " Nor has a quarter of the Vigour
 " The Vulture carrys in his Talons,
 " Who at one Swoop, can make a Meal on's,
 " And in an Instant break the Bones
 " Of this Assembly, almost all at once ;
 " When t'other will take longer Time,
 " And shew some Conscience of his Crime ;
 " Will have his Moderation shewn,
 " And only now and then take one :
 " Wherefore, I move to do him Right,
 " In giving him the C——. A Kite! a Kite !

Moral.

O *F two Disasters, Men should chuse the least,
 Amongst ill People, there must be a best ;
 And it behoves them, when their All's at Stake,*

Just

*Just Observation of the Case to make ;
 How greedy 'Squires may give up all their Rights,
 Which would be but in Hucksters Hands by Knights.*

The Palatines Case.

A Farmer bought a Partridge for his Use,
 And amongst other Poultry turn'd her loose ;
 But neither Hens nor Cocks would let her feed,
 To gather up the Gleanings of the Seed :
 All fell on her, tho' all had Meat enough,
 And us'd her very scurvily and rough.
 She sigh'd, and took her Suff'rings much at Heart,
 As knowing she had none to take her Part ;
 And thought her being of a diff'rent Race,
 Occasion'd all those Tokens of Disgrace.
 But when the Cocks against the Cocks arose,
 And crow'd, and bristl'd up, and fell to Blows,
 She took some Comfort in her wretched State,
 Nor wonder'd half so much at Strangers Hate.

L

"Fool

" Fool as I was, she thus her self exprest,
 " To wonder at the Treatment of their Guest ;
 " The Reason's plain and obvious to the Sight,
 " When Birds with Birds of their own Species fight.

Moral.

L E T *Foreigners, abus'd of late,*
From hence this Comfort take,
That the lewd Wretch that shew'd his Hate
Of Wretches in a ruin'd State,
Ne'er did it for his Country's Sake.

The Resignation.

A Certain Fox had stole a Neighbour's Goose,
 And being hard pursu'd,
 Was forc'd immediately to turn her loose,
 And take for Shelter to a Wood ;
 Yet still the Country People ran,
 Swearing they'd kill him ev'ry Man,
 And strait besate the Place,

Which

Which *Reynard* had for Refuge chose,

That he in Safety from his Foes

Might hide his roguish Face.

“ Zounds, cry’d the Felon, what d’ye mean

“ By following me so close ?

“ Can I be guilty of a Sin,

“ Who have restor’d your Goose ?

“ That’s what you seek for, I perceive,

“ Then, prithee, Fellows, give me leave

“ To rest a while in Quiet ;

“ Your Neighbour has his own again,

“ And it’s a Favour, I maintain,

“ For me to quit such Diet ;

With that, a Bumpkin made Reply,

Faith, Master, between you and I,

You’ve done the Thing that’s civil ;

It’s true, we have regain’d the Theft,

But should the Thief alive be left,

Odznoks, ’twould be the Devil.

Save such as you ! A very pretty Jest !

You've stoll'n one Goose, but shall not steal the rest.

Moral.

A *Statesman, question'd in his Trust,*
Flings up his Place, to prove he's just,
And thinks that he may Favour find,
Because his Office he resign'd ;
But Parliaments have other Thoughts,
And yet may search into his Faults,
As they the Man, and not the Place pursue,
To give offending Sinners what's their Due.

A Present for John Partridge.

T *HE Ravens formerly were look'd upon*
As Wind and Weather wise,
And could foretel the Brightness of the Sun,
Or Darknes of the Skies ;
Which made all Trav'lers far and near,
Consult their boding Throats,

To

To know if Day was likely to be clear,
 Or they should use their Riding-coats.

A Crow saw what Respect was shewn

To the prophetick Bird,

And having the same Looks and Tone,

Would try to be prefer'd ;

And up he perch'd upon a Tree,

As Priest on *Tripes* mounts,

Foretelling what should never be,

And giving false Accounts.

When sev'ral Fellows jogging by,

Observ'd his *Nod* and *Croak*,

And one among the rest, said, " I

" Will Home and fetch my *Cloak*.

" For, Friends of mine, I dare maintain,

" From that same Prophet's Voice,

" The Man who loves to ride i'th' Rain,

" Now has it in his Choice.

They look'd, and look'd again, to be

More truly satisfy'd,

If

If 'twas a *Raven* on the Tree,
 That they might also Cloaks provide.
 At last, one wiser than them all,
 Found out the Counterfeit,
 And gave his Camrades, (who turn'd Tail) a Call,
 And told 'em 'twas a Cheat.
 "Yon Fool said, that stands a-loof,
 " And nods at us below,
 " A Rogue, I know him well enough,
 " Is nothing but a sorry *Crow*.
 " I'll forward on my Journey set,
 " And give the Fool the Lie;
 " For since he tells us 'twill be wet,
 " By all that's good, it must be dry.

Moral.

LET dull Star-gazing Partridge learn from hence,
 To let his Schemes alone,
 And know, that People who have Sense,
 Can find out those who've none.

His

*His Sun-shine Days no Man uncloak'd can try,
And his wet, stormy Nights, are always calm and dry.*

The Sharpers and Cullies.

TWO Sharpers once a Gaming fell
In a large Company,
And manag'd their Intrigue so well,
They drew in Standers by.
They wrangl'd, quarrell'd, and call'd Names,
And play'd with so much Heat,
That no One jealous of a Sham,
Suspected 'twas a Cheat.
But when the Gamesters num'rous grew,
And Store of Cullies came;
Each from the other took his Cue,
To manage right his Game,
A long Time doubtful was the Scale,
The Odds uncertain were,
For they do all by Turns prevail,
And none great Losers are,

'Till

Till every one at length was dip't,
 And mighty Sums were laid;
 The Wink one of the Jugglers tip't,
 And so the Cheat betray'd.
 But this Discov'ry came too late,
 For now the Game was won;
 An empty Pocket was their Fate,
 And all the Fools undone.

Moral.

THE Great Ones have sham Fallings out,
 To draw the Lesser in;
 But the true Quaryel is, not who,
 But how much each shall win?
 And when the Small Ones give their Voice,
 Who shall be most empow'r'd,
 They have but Liberty of Choice,
 By whom thy ll be devour'd.

The Conclusion.

THE Sermon done, the Benediction next
 Should come, to give a Blessing to the Text:
 But Æsop, for a Blessing's at a Loss,
 Who, from his Patron has not got a Cross;
 And there is not a Reader, but must know,
 That only Money makes the Mare to go;
 Erects the bawling Priest's uplified Eyes,
 And with loud Notes invigorates his Cries.
 Wherefore, since he with L——, cannot dine,
 He, to get his Bread, turns *Palatine*;
 In hopes, from such a Change, to find Relief,
 And gain ten thousand Patrons in a Brief.

F I N I S.

